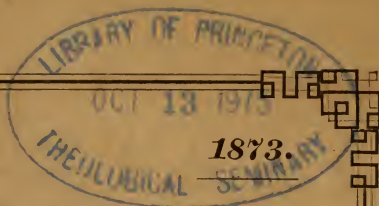


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"SPARKLING RUBIES," ETC.

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1873.

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GROVE SONGS, No. 2.

INTRODUCTION.

LAST year we commenced a series of publications under the general title of "GROVE SONGS," to be issued annually, on the first day of June; the plan being suggested by the increasing demand for small collections of choice new music, that can be used in Prayer and Conference meetings, supplementary to the standard works.

The first number met with a cordial reception, becoming at once a general favorite; and the frequent inquiries during the year for No. 2, indicate a lively interest in the coming numbers, that were announced in the first issue.

It is our purpose to make each succeeding number better, if possible, than the previous one; of our success in that direction we leave for others to decide. Our limited space will not permit of using contributions unless they possess special merit, and are correctly harmonized; but with the author's consent we will arrange music sent us containing errors that would prevent its use, when, in our judgment, it possesses sufficient merit to warrant its publication.

Our friends will please accept our thanks for past favors, and we would extend the invitation to any one having original hymns or tunes, or both, which they would like to have published, to send us their manuscripts, and name the price asked for each piece, if payment is expected.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG, Music Typographer, 138 So. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

GROVE SONGS.

THE PEARLY GATE.

Words by E. H. NEVIN, D. D.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. The night is dark, the storm is loud; Beneath its force the trees are bow'd;
2. My heart is sad, deep sorrows roll, Like streams of fire across my soul;

Yet still the pearly gate I see, Where angels stand to welcome me.
And yet the pearly gate I see, Where angels stand to welcome me.

Chorus.

To welcome me, to welcome me; The angels stand to welcome me.

3.
With fears without, and foes within,
I seem almost subdued by sin;
And yet the pearly gate I see,
Where angels stand, etc.

4.
The road is rough, my feet are sore,
I long to have the journey o'er;
And yet the pearly gate I see,
Where angels stand, etc.

5.
My eyes are dim, and faint my breath,
Within me are the seeds of death;
But still the pearly gate I see,
Where angels stand, etc.

6.
When life is gone, and in my breast
All grief and fears are hushed to
I hope the pearly gate to see, [rest,
Where angels stand, etc.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

Words by R. A. SEARLES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. When mountains of doubt hem me in on each side, And waves of af-
 2. When storms of deep trouble rage fiercely around, When forebodings of

*Rall.**a tempo.*

fiction roll in like a tide; When vainly I seek some new pathway to try,
 ill in my spirit abound; When the hopes of a lifetime are blighted and die,

Chorus.

Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. Oh, lead me to the Rock, Oh,
 Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. Oh, lead me, etc.

lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

Oh, lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

ALL FOR JESUS!

5

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

For Male Voices.

Music by ASA HULL.

1st and 2d Tenor.

1. { All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs; }
 { All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours. }

1st and 2d Bass.

Repeat pp Rit. 2d time.

All for Jesus: all for Jesus; All my days and all my hours.

2.
 Let my hands perform his bidding;
 Let my feet run in his ways;
 Let my eyes see Jesus only;
 Let my lips speak forth his praise.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Let my lips speak forth his praise.

3.
 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
 Cling to gilded toys of dust, [sure;
 Boast of wealth, and fame, and plea-
 Only Jesus will I trust.
 Only Jesus! only Jesus!
 Only Jesus will I trust.

4.
 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside,—
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the crucified.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All for Jesus, crucified!

5.
 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings,
 Deigns to call me his beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath his wings.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath his wings.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.—Concluded.

3. The sun of prosperity brightly may shine,
 And my heart round its treasures too closely may twine,—
 When my hopes are in danger of rising too high,
 Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
 Oh, lead me to the Rock, etc.
4. When nearing the shore of the river of death,
 And the moments fly swiftly with each labored breath,
 When losing my hold of each dear earthly tie,
 Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
 Oh, lead me to the Rock, etc.
5. Whatever my lot, be it wearily sad,
 Or actively busy or joyously glad;
 In each joy and sorrow, my God, be thou nigh,
 And lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
 Oh, lead me to the Rock, etc.

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

Music by ASA HULL.

Con espressione.

1.

1. { In the si - lent midnight watches, List! thy bo-som door!
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, (Omit.)

2.

Knock - eth ev - er - more. Say not, 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing,

'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the Spir - it's voice en - treat - ing

Chorus.

Thee to let the Saviour in. *pp* Let Him in, *p* Let Him in,

Let Him in, Let Him in,

'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it knocketh,—Rise, and let the Saviour in.

INFINITE GRACE.

Music by ASA HULL.

7

Legato. *Fine.*

1. { And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in the Saviour's blood ? }
 { Died he for me, who caus'd his pain ? For me who him to death pursued ? }

D. C.— Amazing love ! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me ?

D. C.

Amazing love ! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me ?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2.</p> <p>'Tis myst'ry all, th' Immortal dies !
 Who can explore his strange design ?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine ;
 'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore :
 Let angel minds inquire no more.</p> <p>3.</p> <p>He left his Father's throne above ;
 (So free, so infinite his grace !)
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me !</p> | <p>4.</p> <p>Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray ;
 I woke: the dungeon flam'd with light ;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free—
 I rose, went forth, and followed thee.</p> <p>5.</p> <p>No condemnation now I dread ;
 Jesus, with all in him, is mine ;
 Alive in Him my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne [own.
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my</p> |
|--|--|

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.—Concluded.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2.</p> <p>Death comes down with ruthless footstep
 To the hall and hut— [ing
 Think you death will stand there knock-
 When thy door is shut ?
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But thy door is fast ;
 Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
 Death breaks in the door at last.
 Let him in, etc.</p> | <p>3.</p> <p>Then 'tis time to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Waiting for thy sin.
 Nay, alas ! thou foolish creature,
 Can it be forgot ?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 But he then will know thee not.
 Let him in, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

THE PENITENT.

Words by R. A. SEARLES. (Companion to "The Heavenly Visitor.") Music by ASA HULL.

1. My foot is on the threshold, My hand is on the latch;

My heart is rent with sor-row, Oh! do not turn me back.

1.
I've come a weary dis-tance, Long miles of grief and sin;
(Come sorely press'd and la-den, (Omit - - - - -))

2. Chorus.
Oh! wilt thou let me in? Let me in, Oh! wilt thou let me in?
Let me in, Let me in.

I've come a wea-ry dis-tance, Oh! wilt thou let me in?

THE ROYAL WAY.

9

Music by ASA HULL.

Fine.

Allegretto.

1. We may spread our couch with roses, And sleep thro' the summer day ;
D.C.—For the on - ly way to heaven, Is the roy - al way of the cross.

But the soul that in sloth re-pos - es Is not in the narrow way.

D. C.
If we follow the chart that is giv - en, We need not be at loss,

2.
Unto those who live in splendor,
The cross is a heavy load ;
And the feet that are soft and tender,
Will shrink from the thorny road ;
But the chains of the soul must be
riven,
And wealth must be as dross ;
For the only way to heaven,
Is the royal way of the cross.

3.
We may say we'll walk to-morrow,
The path we refuse to-day ;
And still, with our lukewarm sorrow,
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven,
How fortune life might toss,
As they followed their Lord to
heaven,
By the way of the royal cross.

2. THE PENITENT.—Concluded.

3.

My hands hang limp and nerveless,
My burden to remove ;
My feeble knees are shaking,
Open, and show thy love.
My eyes are dim with watching
To catch a glimpse within ;
My heavy ear is aching
To hear thee say, "Come in."

Oh ! haste ! unlatch, I pray thee !
I trust thy gracious word,
"To him that knocks I'll open !"
Thou true and faithful Lord.
The latch turns on the promise,
The door on hinge of gold ;
Oh ! wondrous grace and glory !
The half had not been told.

SWEET BY AND BY.

Words by S. F. BENNETT.

[By per. of O. Ditson & Co.]

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

1. { There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it a - far ;
For the Father waits over the way, (*Omit.*)

2. *Chorus.*
To prepare us a dwelling place there. } In the sweet by and by
In the sweet by and by, In the

by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore, In the
sweet by and by, by and by;

Repeat Cho. pp
sweet - - by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by and by, In the sweet by and by,

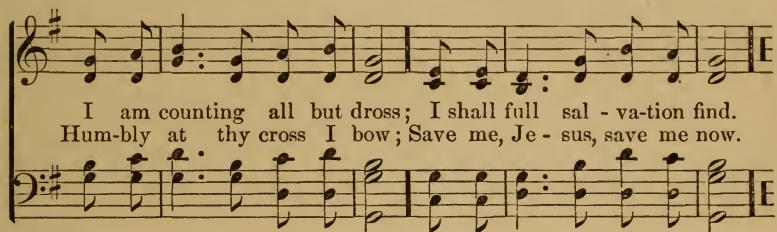
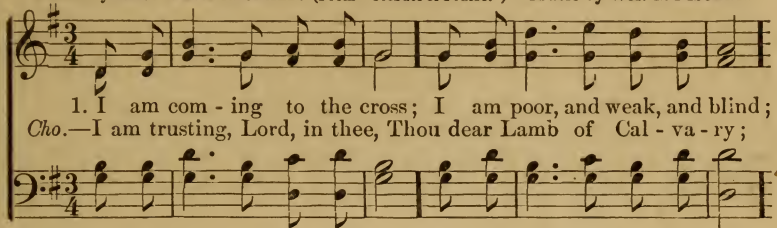
2.
We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet, etc.

3.
To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our
In the sweet, etc. [days!]

TRUSTING IN THE LORD.

11

Words by REV. WM. McDONALD. (From "Tribute of Praise.") Music by WM. G. FISCHER.



2.
Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.
I am trusting, etc.

3.
Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.
I am trusting, etc.

4.
In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.
I am trusting, etc.

5.
Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.
I am trusting, etc.

SECOND HYMN.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Saviour of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace;
Cut it short in righteousness.</p> <p>2. Speak the second time,—Be clean!
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.</p> | <p>3. Nothing less will I require;
Nothing more can I desire;
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.</p> <p>4. O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all.</p> |
|---|--|

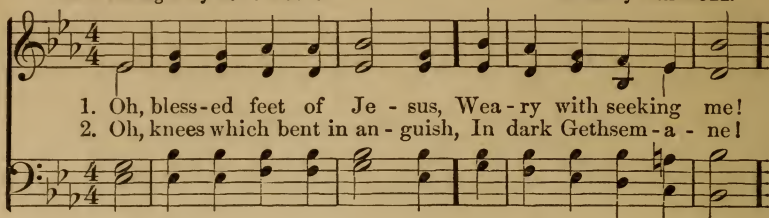
SWEET BY AND BY.—Concluded.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4.
We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.—In the sweet, etc.</p> | <p>5. [reign,
We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.
In the sweet, etc.</p> |
|---|--|

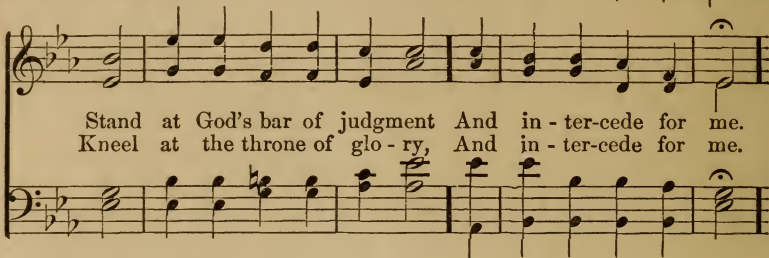
CHRIST OUR INTERCESSOR.

Words arranged by D. F. WOOD.

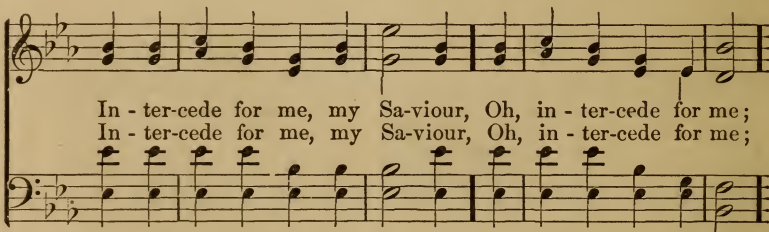
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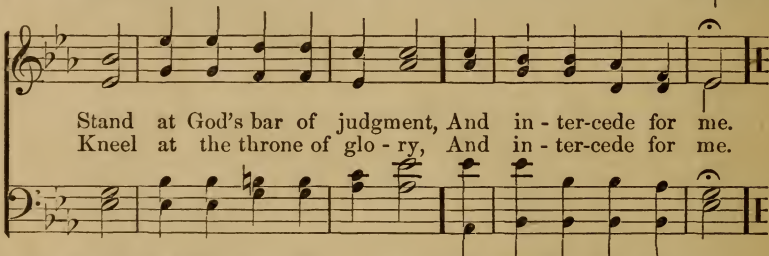
1. Oh, bless-ed feet of Je - sus, Wea-ry with seeking me!
2. Oh, knees which bent in an - guish, In dark Gethsem - a - ne!



Stand at God's bar of judgment And in - ter-cede for me.
Kneel at the throne of glo - ry, And in - ter-cede for me.



In - ter-cede for me, my Sa-viour, Oh, in - ter-cede for me;
In - ter-cede for me, my Sa-viour, Oh, in - ter-cede for me;



Stand at God's bar of judgment, And in - ter-cede for me.
Kneel at the throne of glo - ry, And in - ter-cede for me.

3. O hands that were extended
Upon that hallow'd tree!

::: Hold up those precious nail prints
Which intercede for me. :::

4. O side from whence the spear point
Brought blood and water free,

::: For healing and for cleansing!
Still intercede for me. :::

5. O holy, scarred, and wounded,
My sacrifice to be!

::: Present thy perfect off'ring
And intercede for me. :::

6. O loving, risen Saviour,
From death and sorrow free!

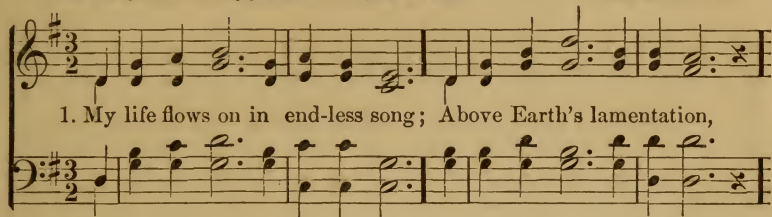
::: Enthroned in endless glory,
Still intercede for me. :::

"HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING."

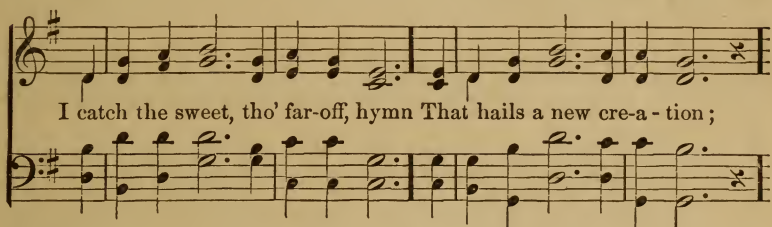
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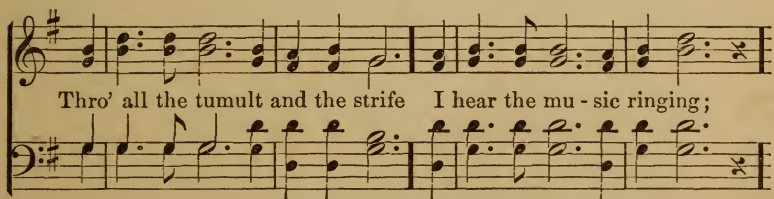
REV. R. LOWRY.



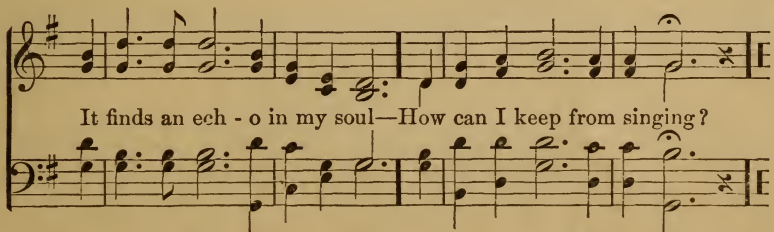
1. My life flows on in end-less song; Above Earth's lamentation,



I catch the sweet, tho' far-off, hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion;



Thro' all the tumult and the strife I hear the mu-sic ringing;



It finds an ech-o in my soul—How can I keep from singing?

2.

What tho' my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What tho' the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth;
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and
earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3.

I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my
heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

WHITER THAN SNOW.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for -
 2. Dear Je - sus, let nothing un - ho - ly remain; Apply thine own

ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
 blood, and extract ev'ry stain; To get this blest washing, I all things forego;

Chorus.
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow; yes,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, etc.

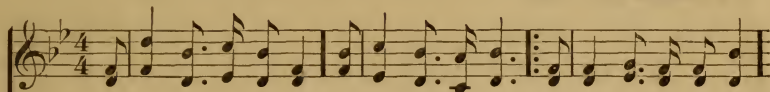
whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3. Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
 I give up myself, and whatever I know,—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Whiter than snow; yes, whiter, etc.

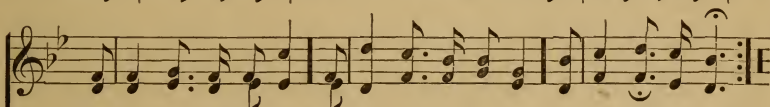
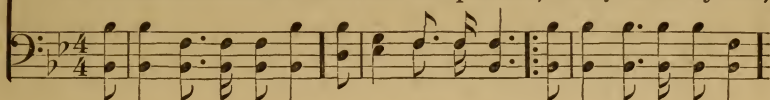
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

15

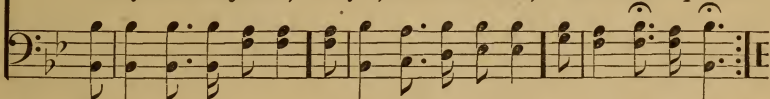
Prof. C. S. HARRINGTON.



1. In some way or other The Lord will provide; It may not be *my* way,
2. At some time or other The Lord will provide; It may not be *my* time,



It may not be *thy* way, And yet, in his *own* way, The Lord will provide.
It may not be *thy* time, And yet, in his *own* time, The Lord will provide.



3. Despond, then, no longer;
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
The Lord will provide.
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet, in his *own* way,
The Lord will provide.

4. March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
The Lord will provide.
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet, in his *own* way,
The Lord will provide.

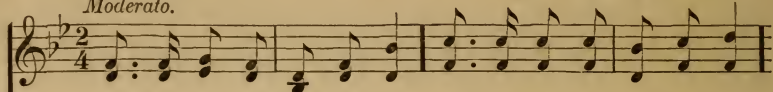
WHITER THAN SNOW.—Concluded.

4. Dear Jesus, thou see'st I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst no,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*
5. Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*
6. The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,
Dear Jesus, thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

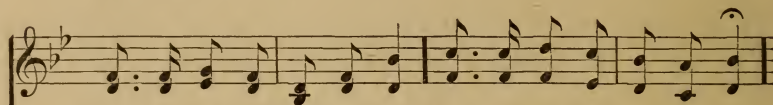
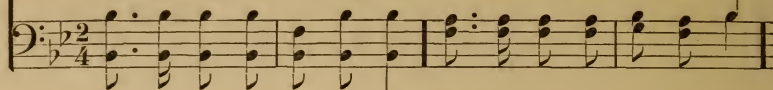
"JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME."

Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato.



1. Je - sus, Sa-viour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;
2. Though the sea be smooth and bright, Sparkling with the stars of night,



Treach'rous waves before me roll, Hiding rock and dang'rous shoal,
And my ship's path be a-blaze With the light of halcyon days;

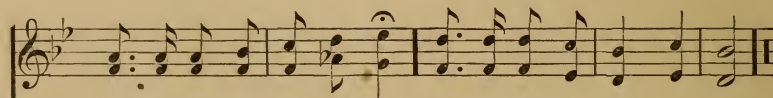
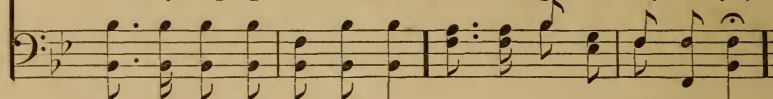
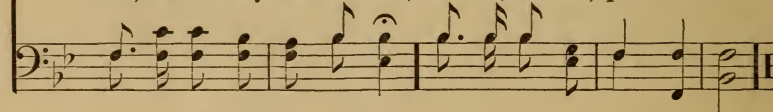


Chart and compass came from thee, Je-sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
Still, I know my need of thee; Je-sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.



3.

5.

When the darkling heavens frown,
And the wrathful winds come down,
And the fierce waves toss'd on high,
Lash themselves against the sky;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them, "Be still,"
Wond'rous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

4.

6.

When th' Apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark;
On the stormy Galilee.
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

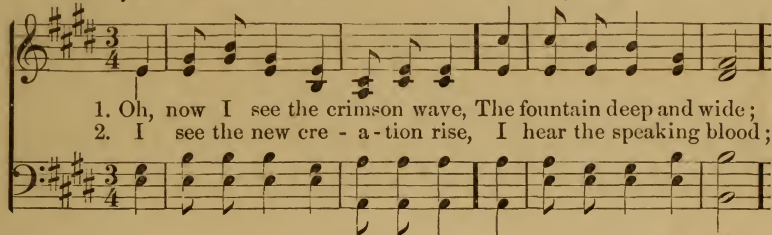
When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,—
Thou canst calm my anxious breast,
And conduct me to my rest.
Then, dear Saviour, pilot me
Over Death's tempestuous sea.

THE CLEANSING WAVE.

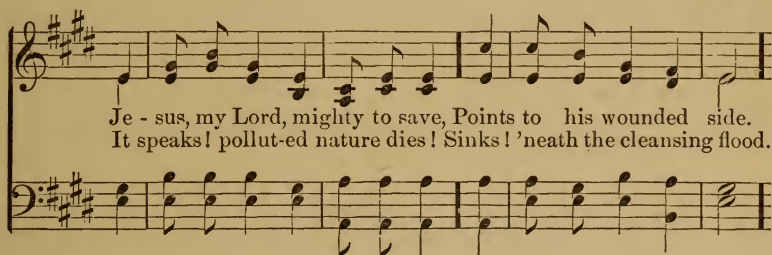
17

Words by MRS. PHEBE PALMER.

Music by MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

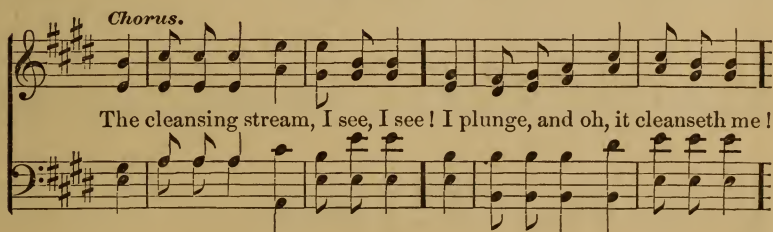


1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide ;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speaking blood ;

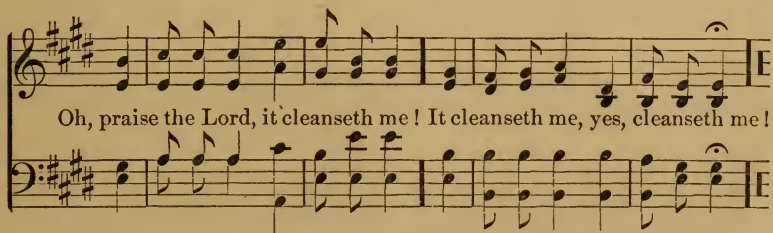


Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.
It speaks! pollut-ed nature dies! Sinks! 'neath the cleansing flood.

Chorus.



The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!



Oh, praise the Lord, it' cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

3.	4.
<p>I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world and sin, [white, With heart made pure, and garments And Christ enthroned within. The cleansing stream, etc.</p>	<p>Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below To feel the blood applied; And Jesus, only Jesus know, My Jesus crucified. The cleansing stream, etc.</p>

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Music by T. J. COOK.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built above, Beau-ti-ful ci-ty that I love!

Beau-ti-ful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light!

Chorus.

{ He who was slain on Cal - va-ry, } { Zi - on, Zi-on, }
 { O-pens those pearl-y gates to me. } { Zi - on, etc. }

Repeat Cho. pp

love-ly Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, ci-ty of our God.

2.
 Beautiful heav'n where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
 Zion, Zion, etc.

3.
 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors' show;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.
 Zion, Zion, etc.

4.
 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace;
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
 Haste to this heavenly home with me.
 Zion, Zion, etc.

WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

19

Cheerfully.

Music by ASA HULL.

{ There are lonely hearts to cher-ish While the days are going by ; }
 { There are weary souls who per-ish While the days are going by ; }

If a smile we can re-new As our journey we pur-sue,

Fine.
 Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.

While the days are go-ing by, While the days are go-ing by ;

2.

There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by ;
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by ;
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes,—
 Help your fallen brothers rise,
 While the days are going by.
 :: While the days are going by, ::
 Help your fallen brothers rise, etc.

3.

All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by ;
 One by one we leave behind us
 While the days are going by ;
 But the seed of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by.
 :: While the days are going by, ::
 It will keep our hearts aglow, etc.

Words by MRS. M. A. W. COOKE.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. O thought full of sweetness to those that believe, Though comforts of
2. O'er ev' - ry temp-ta-tion thy triumph is sure, His grace he has

earth may de-part or de-ceive; A - mid des - o - lation there's
prom - is'd to help thee en - dure; Though strong is thy fetters, thou

Close with 4th line of 1st verse. *Fine.*

somewhere to flee, Re-mem-ber, thy Sa-viour is pray - ing for thee.
yet shall be free, Through Jesus, thy Saviour, who prayeth for thee.

Chorus.

For thee, he is praying for thee, Thy Saviour is praying for
for thee,

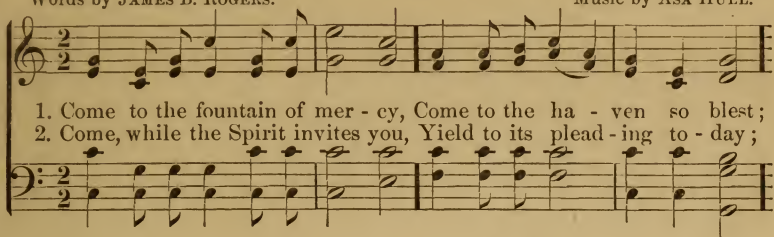
thee, (for thee,) In af - flic-tion, temptation, in sor - sow, or fear,

THE INVITATION.

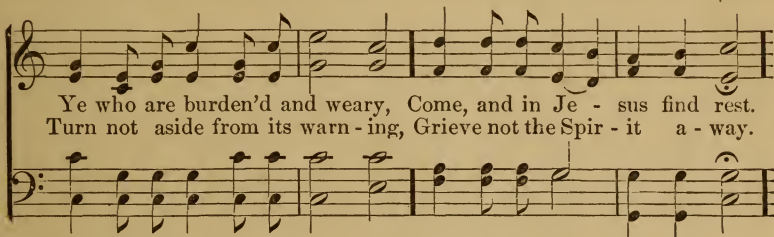
21

Words by JAMES B. ROGERS.

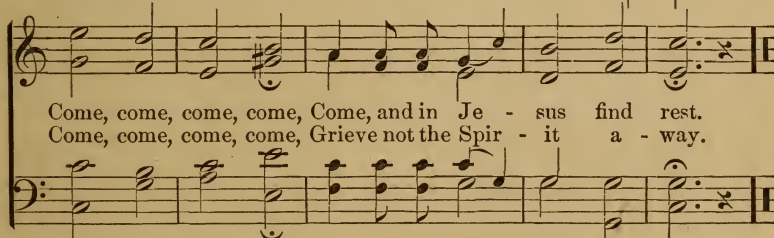
Music by ASA HULL.



1. Come to the fountain of mer - cy, Come to the ha - ven so blest;
2. Come, while the Spirit invites you, Yield to its plead - ing to - day;



Ye who are burden'd and weary, Come, and in Je - sus find rest.
Turn not aside from its warn - ing, Grieve not the Spir - it a - way.



Come, come, come, come, Come, and in Je - sus find rest.
Come, come, come, come, Grieve not the Spir - it a - way.

3. Gently the Saviour is calling,
Weary one! "Come unto me,"
"Cast upon me all thy burden;
Rest I will give unto thee."

Come, come, come, come,
Rest he will give unto thee.

4. Bring, then, thy burden to Jesus,
To him thy sorrow confide;
Trusting alone in his merit,

Come, and in Jesus abide.

Come, come, come, come,
Come, and in Jesus abide.

5. Safely in Jesus abiding,
Trusting in him all thy days;
Ever his promise will cheer thee,
"Lo! I am with you always."

Come, come, come, come;
He will be with you always.

THE SAVIOUR IS PRAYING FOR THEE.—Concluded.

3.

In pain and in sickness he stands by
thy bed,
And speaks of the suff'rings he bore
in thy stead; [the tree,
That night in the garden, that day on
Remember, thy Saviour is praying for
thee.—Chorus.

4.

When suns shall have vanished, no
longer to shine,
Assurance of glory, believer, is thine;
When earth has departed, how blissful
to see
The face of thy Saviour, who prayeth
for thee.—Chorus.

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

From "THE CHARM," by permission.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa-ther in Heav'n, Tells of his
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the

love in the Book he has giv'n; } I am so glad that
dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me;

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

2. Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee;
When I remember that Jesus loves me.—*Chorus.*

3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.—*Chorus.*

THE VOICE WITHIN.

23

Words by GEO. II. SPRING.

Music by J. II. ROSECRANS.

1. I seem to hear a voice within, A friendly voice in accents low ;

Which warns me that the ways of sin, Lead down to endless death and woe.

Chorus.

It is the voice of love divine, That ut-ters thus a warning kind,

That whispers to this heart of mine, Seek now, if mercy you would find.

2.
Though all around seems bright and
Yet deadly evil lurks within, [fair,
And if you still retain it there,
You'll surely perish in your sin.

3.
Life's op'ning morn may smile to-day,
To-morrow gloomy death may call;
Yet now thy Maker's voice obey, [pal.
Then shall death's summons ne'er ap-

4.
Yes, go to Jesus, who was slain,
To ransom guilty ones from woe,
His blood can cleanse sin's every stain,
His friendship endless bliss bestow.

5.
Seek while thy Father waits to bless,
Seek while the Saviour will forgive,
Seek while the Spirit, rich in grace,
Will help thee turn to God and live.

"COME UP HITHER."

Words by E. H. NEVIN, D. D.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. "Come up hith - er!" come a - way! Thus the ransom'd spir-its sing;
2. "Come up hith - er!" come and see Heaven's glo - ries yet un - told;

Here is cloud-less, end-less day, Here is ev - er - last - ing spring.
Bright - er than the sun they be, Rich - er than the pur - est gold.

Chorus.

*"Come up hith-er," O, come a - way, "Come up hither," the angels say;
f *p*

"Come up hither," O, come and see Heav'nly glories, how bright they be.
f

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. "Come up hither!" come and dwell
With the living hosts above;
Come, and let your bosoms swell
With the burning songs of love.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4. "Come up hither!" come and share
In the sacred joys that rise
Like an ocean everywhere,
Through the myriads of the skies.</p> | <p>5. "Come up hither!" come and shine
In the robes of spotless white;
Palms, and harps, and crowns are thine,
Hither! hither wing your flight.</p> <p>6. "Come up hither!" hither speed!
Rest is found in heav'n alone;
Here is all the wealth you need, [own.
Come, and make that wealth your</p> |
|---|---|

* If the Tenor is weak, about half of the Altos should sing the small notes.

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

25

Words by CHISLON.

Music by ASA HULL.

Adagio.

1st. time.

1. { Wondrous cross! thy glory beaming Thro' the a-ges dark as night; }
 { Rays of brightness from thee streaming, (OMIT.) }

Fill the world with gos-pel light. Time ne'er brings decay nor rusting—

Gath'ring neither rot nor moss, In its sac - ri - fice I'm trusting;

I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging, I am clinging,

I am clinging to the cross.

2.
 Wondrous power! of saving mercy;
 Wondrous grace! on me bestow'd;
 To be counted even worthy,
 Thus to feel the cleansing flood.
 On the Cross my hopes all center,
 Purest gold, compared, is dross;
 In my heart no sin can enter,
 While I'm clinging to the cross.
 I am clinging, etc.

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